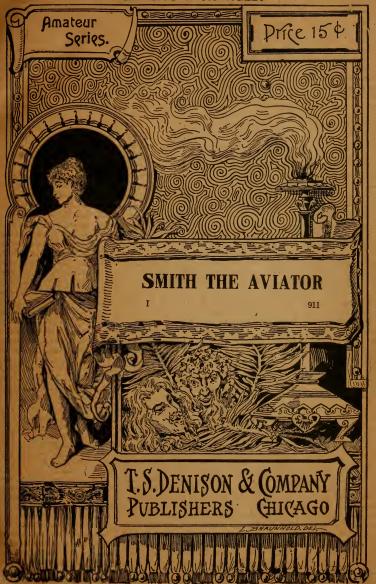
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



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Editor-in-Uniet Dr (43C)10	2 hrs(25c) 6 4
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2 h	April Fools, 30 min
Honor of a Lowboy, 4 acts, 242	Assessor, The, 10 min 3 2 Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party,
hrs	35 min 1
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Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c) 14 17	Betsy Baker, 45 min 2 2
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Light Brigade, 40 min(25c) 10 Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	Cabman No. 93, 40 min 2 2 Case Against Casey, 40 min23
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr. (25c) 13 Lonelyville Social Club, 3 acts,	Convention of Papas, 25 min 7
Lonelyville Social Club, 3 acts, 1½ has	Country Justice, 15 min 8 Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. 3 2

SMITH THE AVIATOR

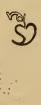
A COMEDY

BY

WILLIAM D. EMERSON

AUTHOR OF

"The Eyes of the Law" and "The Cabman and the Lady"



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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SMITH THE AVIATOR

CHARACTERS.

NICODEMUS SMITH
Dr. Jack Scaffery
BRIDGET O'GRADYThe Doctor's Maid of All Work
ALICE SCAFFERY
Augusta Von Schiller
Bridget can be played without dialect if desired, or can
be played by a male as a male character.

TIME—The Present.

Time of Playing—About Forty Minutes.

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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

NICODEMUS SMITH—Indefinite age. Shabby genteel in appearance. Short skirted Prince Albert coat, well brushed but showing wear. White vest showing age. Tight fitting striped or checked trousers. White spats or over gaiters. Well worn shoes. Play him pedantic, in a semi-clerical manner.

Dr. Scaffery—Age about 30. Typical young club man. White flannel trousers. White shoes. Dark blue coat. Neglige shirt. Play him debonnaire and natural, do not strain for comedy.

BRIDGET O'GRADY—Typical house servant. About 35 years of age. Neat black dress. White collar, cuffs and small maid's apron. Can be played in character with brogue, or neat, quick, snappy.

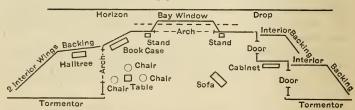
ALICE SCAFFERY—About 23 years of age. Neat summer house dress. Played sweet, in ingenue manner. Neat summer hat after.

AUGUSTA VON SCHILLER—About same age as Alice. At first she wears neat pongee traveling coat and sailor hat After, neat summer weight traveling dress, with a suggestion of the mannish in shirt, collar and tie. Played with a swagger, but not so much as to kill womanly sweetness.

PROPERTIES.

Large library or square dining table. Three fancy chairs, sofa or settee. Glass cabinet. Bookcase. Hall tree. Two small stands with plants or statuettes. Tray with a lunch for one. Tray with lunch for two. Tray with lunch for three. Decanter with cold tea. Bottle of seltzer. Call bell. Number of medical books. Medical instruments and supplies. Stethoscope. Card and one folder for "Smith." Three letters for "Doctor." Letter for "Alice." Suitcase. Number of boxing gloves, foils, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, cigar boxes, liquor bottles, pipes, steins, etc. Three cigars in cigar case for "Doctor." Two whisky glasses. Two highball glasses. Eight-ounce bottle of medicine. Plates, saucers, cups, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, etc., for trays.

SCENE.



Red baize and medallion. Plenty of rugs and bric-a-brac to dress scene. In case a "bay window" set piece is not available, place balustrade piece betweeen arch and horizon drop as shown by dotted line.

Note—This Scene is made elaborate for a professional production; however; if lacking in stage equipments, use any interior scene. This play does not depend on scenery for its success.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means right of the stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance, etc.; D. F., door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

SMITH THE AVIATOR

Scene: A handsomely appointed and furnished apartment. Bay window at back C. Arch R. 2, backed by two interior wings to suggest hallway. Doors R. 2 and 3. Dining or library table R. C. Three chairs about it. Bookcase R. U. Fancy stands with plants or statuettes R. and L. of bay window. Sofa L. C. Hall tree in hallway R. Handsome glass cabinets containing physician's supplies and instruments L. 2. Bay window overlooks the sea. See Scene Plot for stage setting.

At rise Bridget discovered dusting furniture, etc. Doctor enters hurriedly holding several open letters; from R. 2 E.

DOCTOR. Bridget, I am expecting a gentleman by the name of Smith this morning whose presence here I wish to be kept a secret from every one. Do not mention his visit to a living soul. Do you understand?

Bridget. Yis, sur; but-

Doc. Now listen and do not interrupt me. This Mr. Smith is really one of the world's greatest aviators, and I have engaged him to teach me how to run my monoplane. As I foolishly wagered a considerable amount of money that I would master its intricacies and the art of aerial navigation without assistance, the presence of Mr. Smith would spoil all. Do you follow me?

Bridget. Yis, sur.

Doc. When he arrives serve him a light lunch, as I am sure he will be hungry. Then keep him dark until evening. BRIDGET. Very well, sur. Oi understand.

Doc. Where is my sister?

Bridget. Miss Alice is in her room, sur.

Doc (crossing to table). Kindly tell her I wish to see her.

Bridget. Yis, sur. (Exit R. 2 E.)

Doc (reading letter). Well, this is luck. Joe Mason coming for a week end visit. He's familiar with a monoplane, had a lot of experience at Hempstead. With Smith and Joe both on the ground I should soon become proficient.

ALICE enters R. 2 E. letter in hand.

ALICE. Did you wish to see me, brother?

Doc. Yes. (Hands her letter.) I received that letter from Pete Jennings, who is agent for the Equality Life Insurance Company. As you see, they threaten to cancel my policies should I persist in "aeroplaning," as they put it.

ALICE (looking at letter). Well?

Doc. It's not well. That threat would mean the wiping out of over \$50,000 of insurance which in a few years would become paid-up policies.

ALICE (handing letter back). That would be too bad.

What are you going to do about it?

Doc. Fortunately Jennings suggests an alternative. (Opening letter.) He says. (Reading.) "Should you persist in risking your neck on an aeroplane I think we can arrange with the "Provident Accident" to take you on for the same amount of risk, as they are the only one of the old line companies who have not placed the restriction on aerial navigation. With this in view am sending one of their agents to talk the matter over with you." (Folding letter and placing it on table.) Rather decent of Jennings, wasn't it?

ALICE. Yes, indeed. (Crossing to back of chair and holding folded letter in front of his eyes.) But put on your thinking cap. Who wrote this letter?

Doc. Haven't an idea. One of your many admirers, I

suppose.

ALICE. Oh, come; do guess!

Doc. Bob Collins.

ALICE. No; guess again.

Doc. Give it up.

ALICE (coming down C.) Gus!

Doc. What, your Gus?

ALICE. Yes. And just think of it, Jack. Gus really comes today.

Doc. Oh, he does? Then I shall depart. (Starts L.)

ALICE (stops him). Certainly not. I wish you to meet my friend.

Doc. Oh, I know enough men already.

ALICE. Men! (Aside.) Jack thinks Gus is a man! (Laughs.) What fun! (Aloud.) You don't know many men like Gus, Jack.

Doc (taking cigarette from case). What sort of a chap

is this manly ideal?

ALICE. Just fine. (Cross to back of table, laughing.)

Doc (taking match from case). Any sand?

ALICE. No end.

Doc (lighting cigarette). Know anything about an aero-plane?

ALICE. Never been up. But quite an enthusiast.

Doc. Fond of smoking?

ALICE. Enjoys the odor of a good cigar immensely. (Crossing to L. 2 E. and opening it.) This is to be Gus' room. Do help me to make it habitable and cosy. That's a dear.

Doc (cross to door L. 4 E.). All right. I suppose I must play the agreeable. What time does Mr. Gus arrive?

A same (super to C) Court time does MI. Gus arrive;

ALICE (cross to C.). Some time this morning.

Doc. Well, I'll do the best I can for him. Gad! He shall have the best the house affords. (Exit door L. 4 E.)

ALICE (laughing). Oh, what fun we shall have.

Bridget enters R. 2 E.

ALICE. Bridget, I have a favor to ask of you.

Bridget (at C.). Yis, miss.

ALICE. My friend, Miss von Schiller, will be here today and I do not wish my brother to know of her arrival. He thinks she is a man; calls her Mr. Gus, and I do not wish him to know different. Do you understand?

BRIDGET. Oi can't say as how Oi does, miss. What

makes the Doctor think that your friend is a man?

ALICE (laughing). Well, you see, Bridget, I have always spoken of her as "Gus," a nickname we gave her at Vassar. Her name is Augusta, you see, and he jumped at conclusions.

Bridget. The oidea of callin' a young leddy Gus! It's

not very dignified.

ALICE. But it's funny. She's just the opposite. Not a bit manly in any way. But I do not wish to undeceive my

brother. You understand? (Cross to R. 2 E.)

BRIDGET. Yis, miss. (ALICE exits R. 2 É.) Oi can't say as how Oi do really understand. Miss Alice doesn't want the Doctor to know as her friend is a young leddy, and the Doctor doesn't want Miss Alice to know about Smith, the aviator. It's more than Oi can understand.

Doc enters L. 4 E. with several tennis caps on head, boxing gloves, tennis racquets, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, foils, etc., over shoulders, under arms, etc., holding a large tray with steins, bottles of liquors, cigar boxes, pipes, glasses, etc.

Doc. Come here, Bridget, and help me. (BRIDGET takes tray.) Open that door (pointing L. 2 E.) and let me throw this hospitality in. (BRIDGET crosses to door L. 2 E., kicks it open, then stands upstage near door. Doc throws the different articles he is carrying into the room L. 2 E., starts to throw tray which he takes from BRIDGET.) No! It won't do to throw the tray in, I suppose. (Exit L. 2 E. with tray.)

BRIDGET. Upon my word, the Doctor must be moving.

ALICE enters R. 2 E. Doorbell rings off R. 2 E.

ALICE. That must be Miss von Schiller, Bridget. Go open the door.

Bridget. Yis, mum. (Exits R. 2 E.)

ALICE. I wonder how that brother of mine is getting on? (Noise off L. 2 E. Doc mumbles. ALICE crosses to L. 2 E. and looks in.) What a picture. (Laughs.) A perfect

bower of pipes and tennis racquets. It only needs the stale odor of cigar smoke to make a genuine college den. (Calls.) Busy, Jack?

Doc enters L. 2 E., wiping his forehead with handkerchief as if perspiring freely.

Doc. Do I look as though I had been idle?

ALICE. You look decidedly warm. You are just a dear

to make the room so cozy.

Doc. Glad you like it. (Looks at watch.) Mr. Gus ought to be here soon. How shall I meet him, any way?

ALICE. Heartily, of course.

Doc. Shall I knock upon his door, as we do at college, and say, "Hello, old man! How are you?"

ALICE. Capital. Couldn't be better.

Doc. Well, I'm off to the hangar. I can't neglect my

monoplane, even for Mr. Gus. (Exit R. 4 E.)

ALICE (laughing). What fun. Dear old fellow. If I did not know that he has more than a generous share of good nature, I should never dare attempt it.

Gus enters R. 2 E., followed by Bridget, who carries a suitcase. Alice and Gus rush to each other and embrace heartily.

ALICE. Gus!

Gus. Alice!

ALICE. Bridget, take Miss von Schiller's wraps to her room.

Bridget (crosses to door L. 2 E. and looks in). You mean

this room, Miss Alice?

ALICE. Certainly! (BRIDGET exits L. 2 E., shaking her head as if it passed her understanding. To Gus). You must be very tired, dear.

Gus. Just dead.

ALICE. And hungry, of course?

Gus (laughing). As a bear.

Bridget enters L. 2 E.

ALICE. Bridget, bring a luncheon for two as soon as possible.

Bridget. Yis, mum. (Exit R. 2 E.)

ALICE. I am so glad you came. We shall have no end of jolly larks.

Gus. That will suit me perfectly. I am just pining for

some fun.

ALICE. Then you need pine no more. You know my brother Jack?

Gus. No, but I am dying for the pleasure.

ALICE. Then you will be saved from an early grave. He

is here in this very house.

Gus. I know I must look like a perfect fright. Let me escape. (She starts for door L. 2 E. and Alice follows her bringing her back to L. C.)

ALICE. Nonsense, my dear. He is safe at the hangar at present, studying his new aeroplane. He thinks that my friend "Gus" is a man. Calls you my "manly ideal" and

speaks of you as "Mr. Gus."

Gus (laughing). What sport. How have you arranged it? (Alice takes Gus by the arm and leads her mysteriously to door L. 2 E., which she opens with a tragic gesture.)

ALICE. Behold! Dost like the picture?

Gus. What an array of liquors, dumb-bells and tennis racquets. I don't understand.

ALICE. I asked him to make your room cosy with some

of his treasures, and that is the result.

Gus (laughing). What a schemer you are, Alice! (Doc speaks outside L. 4 E.)

ALICE. Quick to your room. (Pushing her toward L.

2 E.) He is coming.

Gus. I shall be speechless with laughter. (Exit L. 2 E. ALICE pulls door to and crosses to C.)

ALICE. Now the plot thickens. (Laughs.)

Doc enters L. 4 E.

Doc (to ALICE). Hello! You here?

ALICE. Yes, Gus has arrived.

Doc. Oh, he has! That accounts for your radiant face.

I say, Alice, make a bold confession. Do you love this Mr. Gus?

ALICE. Dearly.

Doc. Well, I hope he is worthy of you. He had better be upon his good behavior. I shall view him with a critic's eye. That reminds me. I had a letter from my old college chum, of whom you have often heard me speak, Joe Mason, who will arrive today for a week end visit. He may appear at any moment, and if I should be out when he arrives, just make him at home. A fine fellow. I know you will like him.

ALICE (crosses to R. C.). You may be sure, Jack, your friends will always be welcome. Remember your promise to

treat Gus as well. (Exit R. 2 E. hiding laugh.)

Doc. I hope Mr. Gus won't find those cigars too strong for him. It was rather expensive hospitality; but it was all for love of Alice. (Comes L.) I wonder what kind of a fellow he is? I suppose six feet two, has the strength of a giant and the voice of an orator. (Crosses to door L. 2 E. and pounds heartily on it.) Hello, old man! How are you? Gus (outside L. 2 E). Did anyone speak?

Doc (staggering back). For heaven's sake! What a voice. Alice calls him Gus. It should be Gussie. Flossie would be a better name for him. I can't meet the owner of that voice and treat him well. He must have weak lungs. That new cough medicine of mine will suit his case exactly. Gad he shall have it. (Exits hurriedly L. 4 E.)

Bridget enters R. 2 E. and looks off L. 4 E. after Doc in open-mouthed astonishment. Gus opens door L. 2 E., looks around room cautiously, head only through doorway.

Gus. No one here?

Bridget. Yis, mum, Oi am here.

Gus (enters L. 2 E.). No one else?

BRIDGET. The Doctor just left the room running like mad. Somebody has given him an awful fright.

Gus. Very likely. Where is Miss Alice?

BRIDGET. In the parlor, waiting for you, mum.

Gus (crosses R.). Thank you. (Aside.) It must have

been my voice which frightened the Doctor. He will think Mr. Gus is a weak specimen of humanity. (Exit R. 2 E. laughing.)

Bridget. Now Oi wonder what all this mystery means?

It's enough to make one nervous.

SMITH enters R. 2 E.

Bridget (sees Smith). Hello! I wonder who this is and

how he got into the house?

SMITH. Would you kindly tell Dr. Scaffery that I would like to speak to him. My name is Smith and—(BRIDGET rushes to him, seizes him by the arm, looks around room mysteriously, puts her finger to her lips.)

BRIDGET. Sh! Sh!

SMITH (startled). What is the matter? (BRIDGET, with a melodramatic, mysterious manner, shakes a warning finger, tiptoes to R. 2 E., turns, looks at SMITH, puts finger to lips, tiptoes to bay window C., looks at SMITH, repeats finger to lip business. Then same business at L. 4 E. and L. 2 E., listening intently at each door. Then comes to him and grabbing his arm leads him down C.)

BRIDGET (in hoarse whisper). You must not breathe your

name here!

SMITH (nervously). Why not? Anything wrong about my name?

BRIDGET. Oh, no, sur! Only the Doctor said that when

you came we were to keep it dark.

SMITH. Well, I must say that if he instructed you to keep *ine* in the dark as well, you have succeeded beautifully.

BRIDGET. Oi will get you some lunch, sur. Oi won't be a minute, and if anyone happens in while Oi am gone, you must keep mum about your name. (Crosses to R. 2 E. at entrance, turns, puts finger to lips.) Sh! (Exits R. 2 E.)

SMITH (looking after her). What a strange acting person. (Nervously.) I hope she isn't crazy. Now why shouldn't I breathe the name of Smith if I wish to? Nothing wrong about the name of Smith. Deuced queer. (Looks about the room nervously. Takes a card from his pocket.

Reads.) "Mr. Nicodemus Smith, agent, Provident Accident Insurance Company." (Puts card back in pocket.) Now that sounds all right. Nothing queer about it that I can see. (Takes folder from inside coat pocket.) Jennings of the Equality tipped me that I might write this Doctor Scaffery party for a good fat policy under our accident clause and I came here to show him this schedule of premiums and talk the matter over. (Puts folder back in inside pocket of coat.) Perfectly legitimate. Nothing to keep dark about. (Goes up to bay window C. and looks out admiringly.) This is such a quiet, lovely spot, away from the seething whirl of the city. I should like to live here very much.

Bridget enters R. 2 E. with lunch on tray which she places on the table R. C.

BRIDGET. Here's your lunch, sur.

SMITH (coming down C.). My good girl, I have no time for lunch. You see I came down to see Doctor Scaffery on business. (Takes card from pocket.) Kindly give him this card. I am Mr. Smith, the—(BRIDGET grabs him by the arm and leads him down C., mysteriously puts finger to lips and looks from side to side.)

BRIDGET. Sh! Sh!! Don't breathe the name of Smith here. (SMITH takes her by the arm, leads her down stage

a step, puts finger to lips and repeats her business.)

SMITH. Sh!! Why not? (BRIDGET takes him by arm and dragging him after her goes to R. 2 E; then to bay window C.; then to L. 4 E.; then to L. 2 E., all mysteriously melodramatic, stopping at each door and listening intently with finger on lips. Finally drags him C.)

BRIDGET (in a hoarse whisper). You air expected, sur;

but we must keep it dark!

SMITH (astonished). More darkness. I shall be a total

eclipse.

BRIDGET. The Doctor has stepped out, sur, but will be back directly. If anyone comes in, sur, will you please say as how your name ain't Smith.

SMITH. No, ma'am, I object. If you are ashamed of the name of Smith, I am not.

BRIDGET. Oh, it isn't that, sur. The Doctor has arranged

it all.

SMITH. Oh, he has. Please give him my compliments

and tell him I am much obliged.

BRIDGET (starts to cross R.). Please make yourself at home, sur. (At R. 2 E. turns, puts finger to lips.) Sh!! (Exits R. 2 E. SMITH jumps nervously at "Sh!!")

SMITH (sits at table, starts to eat). This is the most peculiar spot I have ever visited. There seems to be such an aversion to the name of Smith. I wonder why. (Eats heartily.)

Doc enters from L. 4 E. with an eight-ounce bottle of medicine in his hand.

Doc. (Sees Smith). That must be Mr. Gus now. I'll do him up in fine style. (Crosses to table, slaps SMITH resoundingly on the back. Smith spits out mouthful of food on plate, coughs, looks scared, astonished.) How are you, old man?

SMITH (coughs, rises, astonished). Oh! how d'ye do. (Coughs violently. Doc hands him a glass of water from

table.)

Doc (aside). Poor devil. He has weak lungs. (Aloud.) I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be so abrupt. (Grasps his hand and shakes it violently.) So glad to see you.

SMITH (releasing hand with effort). Thank you. (Reaches

for inside pocket of coat for folder.) I came down-

Doc (interrupting him). Oh, yes! I know all about it. Came down to see Alice. (Slaps him on back, digs elbow into ribs.) Ha! ha! I know all about your flirtation, Mr. Gus.

SMITH (recovering from slap and dig). Mr. Gus?

Doc. Yes, yes. Sit down and tell me all about it. (Pushes

SMITH into chair L. of table.)

SMITH (rises). Yes, but, you see. (Reaches for inside coat pocket to get folder.) I came down—

Doc (interrupts by pushing him into chair again). Yes, ves. I understand.

SMITH (aside). It's deuced queer. I don't-

Doc. Alice has told me all about you. You are a lucky man. She is very fond of you. SMITH (rising). Fond of me?

Doc. Yes, and you are in love with her, I fancy. SMITH (astonished). Oh, yes—yes—

Doc. Heavens, man! You are, of course? (Aside.) I wonder if I have put my foot in it?

Bridget enters with lunch for two on tray and crosses toward L. 2 E.

SMITH. You see. (Reaches for inside coat pocket). I came down-

Doc (to Bridget). Where are you going with that,

BRIDGET (pointing L. 2 E.). Oi'm taking it to that room, sir.

Doc. It is not necessary. The young man is here.

BRIDGET. This is for Miss Alice's guest, sur.

Doc. Don't you suppose I know it. You may serve it here. (SMITH has been tiptoeing toward R. 2 E. Doc crosses quickly and taking him by arm leads him back L. of table. Bridget takes lunch from tray and puts it on table, taking the other dishes on tray, shaking her head dubiously.)

BRIDGET. But Miss Alice said-

Doc. That will do, Bridget. I understand what I am

doing perfectly.

BRIDGET. Yes, sur. (Looks at SMITH, puts finger to lips, picks up tray and dishes, crosses to R. 2 E., turns, puts finger to lips.) Sh!! (Exits R. 2 E. SMITH jumps nervously at "Sh!!")

Doc (crosses to back of table). Here is your luncheon. Sit down and enjoy it. By the way, you know I am a physician as well as a manufacturing chemist, and as Alice's brother feel much interested in the condition of your health.

(SMITH starts to eat. Doc goes to medicinal cabinet and from it takes a stethoscope, returns to SMITH and placing bell of instrument on his back listens to his breathing.)

SMITH (nervously). He thinks I'm a phonograph. (Anxious.) He may be crazy. (Doc lays stethoscope on table and with left hand on back of SMITH taps with fingers

of right hand, testing his lungs.)

Doc. Slight congestion. I have here an excellent remedy for just your symptoms. (Takes spoon from table and passes medicine from bottle into it.) Excuse my familiarity, but it is all for Alice's sake, my dear boy. (Aside.) He is the weakest specimen of a manly ideal that I have ever met. (Offers spoon to SMITH, who rises.)

SMITH. But, my dear sir, I don't understand. (Reaches into inside pocket for folder.) You see, I came down—

Doc (interrupting). Of course, to see Alice. Now take

this to please Alice.

SMITH (aside). Who the devil is Alice? (Aloud.) Must

I take it all at once?

Doc. Yes. Think of the pleasure of being with Alice and you won't mind it a bit.

SMITH (aside). The man is crazy. Suppose I had better

humor him. (Takes spoon.)

Doc. Now, then, down with it. (Counts with index finger of left hand, arm extended.) One—two—three! (Smith gulps down medicine, holding his nose with left thumb and index finger. Makes wry face.)

SMITH. This isn't such a quiet place after all.

Doc. Now you can enjoy your luncheon. You have arrived just in time. (SMITH starts to eat.) I expect to try out my new monoplane some time this evening. Alice tells me you are quite an enthusiast, though you haven't as yet been up. If it is a pleasant night I'll take you up with me in the aeroplane. It's made to carry two.

SMITH (stops eating, frightened). Aeroplane?

Doc (goes up to bay window and looks at sky). Yes. It's going to be a delightful evening. The wind is dying out entirely. It will be fine.

SMITH (rises, aside). An aeroplane. The fellow is really crazy. I must get out of this. (Aloud, emphatically.) My dear sir, you see (reaches for folder in inside pocket) I came down-

Doc (coming down, interrupting). Of course. How selfish of me. (Slaps him on back.) I will go and send Alice to you at once. (Crosses to R. 2 E.) Did you find the cigars all right in your room? Plenty of them. Help your-

self, my dear fellow. (Exit R. 2 E.)

SMITH (stands looking after him). That man will have me frightened to death. Aeroplane, indeed. I can't look out of our office window on the fourth floor without getting dizzy. And once at Coney Island I tried to climb out of the Ferris wheel, I was so frightened. No, no; I must object, decidedly. Who is Alice? Evidently I am expected to be madly in love with her. Who am I, anyway? "Mr. Gus"—Alice's friend. I've struck a nest of lunatics. I'm going home. (Starts up C.)

Gus enters R. 2 E. Sees SMITH.

Gus (aside). There is the Doctor now. (Aloud, laughs.) I am afraid I enjoyed that little joke more than you did. My voice seemed to have frightened you.

SMITH (aside). This must be Alice. She is fond of me. I will smile upon her. (Smiles broadly—aloud.) You see (reaching for folder) I came down—

Gus (interrupting). Yes, I know. To try the new aero-

plane. Alice has told me all about it.

SMITH (aside). Then it isn't Alice. I won't smile. (Aloud.) Alice—oh, yes!

Gus. I am just wild to see you fly. You will go up this

evening, of course.

SMITH. Oh yes, of course. (Aside.) And I thought this such a quiet place.

ALICE enters R. 2 E. Sees Gus.

ALICE (to Gus). Ah! Here you are. (Sees SMITH.) Why, this must be Jack's friend, Mr. Mason. (Crosses and

shakes hands with him. SMITH shakes hands automatically, looks astonished.)

SMITH (surprised). Mr. Mason? What next, I wonder? Gus (confused). I beg your pardon, I thought I was speaking to Doctor Scaffery.

ALICE. My brother told me that you might appear at any moment. Miss von Schiller, let me introduce my brother's friend, Mr. Mason. Of course you must be very hungry. The journey from town is so tiresome. You have arrived just in time to have luncheon with Miss von Schiller and myself. (Rings bell on table.)

SMITH. Oh, no! Don't trouble. You see (reaching for

folder), I came down-

ALICE (interrupting). To see Jack's new aeroplane. It is a perfect jewel.

BRIDGET enters R. 2 E.

ALICE. You may serve luncheon for three, Bridget. BRIDGET. A luncheon? I beg your pardon, Miss Alice-ALICE. A luncheon. That is what I said.

BRIDGET. But, Miss Alice, I brought it once.

ALICE. Never mind; bring it again. We are ready now. (BRIDGET exits R. 2 E. shaking head.) My brother has told me all about you, Mr. Mason. I am his sister, Alice. (Sits R. of table R. C. SMITH sits L. of table.)

SMITH. I am delighted to meet you, Miss Alice. I also have heard all about you, and of your warm attachment.

Gus (sits back of table, facing audience). Alice, are you in love? And are you keeping it from me?

ALICE. Indeed I am not. What do you mean, Mr.

Mason?

SMITH (aside). These people are all lunatics and I had better humor them. (Aloud.) Ha! ha! I have heard all about your "Grande passion," Miss Alice.

ALICE. Will you please tell me how you received such valuable information?

SMITH (aside). Here's where I get even with Mr. Fresh Doctor, for that medicine business. (Aloud.) Certainly,

from your brother, of course. He told me all about Mr. Gus. (ALICE and Gus laugh heartily. BRIDGET enters with lunch for three on tray. She places new lunch on table. takes old dishes on tray.)

ALICE. Here is the luncheon. You must be very hungry. SMITH (aside). If I keep this up I shall not care for

anything else to eat for ten days.

ALICE (serving food to him). Don't wait, Mr. Mason. Tack has told me that you are very fond of good things to eat.

SMITH. Oh, yes; Jack and I were always having spreads.

(SMITH eats half heartedly.)

ALICE. College men become such warm friends. You and my brother are so devoted to one another.

SMITH. Yes, yes. Quite an unusual friendship. BRIDGET. Oi forgot to say that the Doctor have sent word that he has the aeroplane outside and would like the gentleman to come and look it over. (Picks up tray, looks hard at SMITH, winks, puckers her lips and says "Sh!!" softly. Crosses to R. 2 E., turns, says "Sh!!" sharply, at which SMITH starts abruptly, and she exits R. 2 E.)

Gus. You will let us watch you fly, won't you? The air

is just glorious.

ALICE (rising). It will give us a chance to watch your skill.

SMITH (rising). I don't like to leave you ladies. (Reaches for folder in inside pocket.) You see, I came down-

ALICE (interrupting). We appreciate your gallantry, but we would not deprive you of the pleasure of flying.

SMITH (aside). The pleasure won't be mine.

Gus. Besides, we will be with you when you are not up

in the air.

SMITH. It strikes me I am up in the air pretty much all the time today. (Cross to R. 2 E.) Good bye, ladies. (Comes back, takes each by the arm, leads them down C., looks right and left, looks at ALICE, then at Gus.) I am so glad that I came down.

Gus. And so are we.

ALICE. Yes, indeed. We will run and get our hats and hurry so that we will not miss anything. (Gus and ALICE exit L. 2 E.)

SMITH (looking after them). This is a lunatic asylum. I've got into the wrong house and I'm going home. (Starts up to bay window quickly.)

Doc enters R. 2 E. Sees SMITH.

Doc. What's keeping you, old man. I'm waiting for you.

SMITH (coming down). I am not feeling well.

Doc. That's too bad. A brandy and soda will straighten

you out. I'll get you some. (Exit R. 2 E.)

SMITH. Oh, lor—I never could drink whisky. I know I shall be killed. This is a most extraordinary household. I never stepped into a hornet's nest that was livelier. And all the time that Irish girl with her (finger to lips) Sh!! If it keeps up I'll be as crazy as the rest of them. I'm going home. (Starts up to bay window)

DOCTOR enters with a decanter and two glasses.

Doc. Feeling better, eh?

SMITH (coming down). Oh, yes. I am quite well now, thank you.

Doc (R. of table C.). I'm glad to hear it. Sit down and let's enjoy a smoke together. (SMITH sits L. of table. Doc offers cigar case to SMITH.)

SMITH (aside). Never smoked a cigar in my life. (SMITH takes a cigar from case and lights it. Smokes, chokes,

coughs, etc., ad libitum.)

Doc. Perhaps that cigar is too strong for you?

SMITH (in an offhand manner). Oh, no; not at all. This is my favorite brand. (Doc seated R. of table looks at SMITH critically. SMITH puts cigar in mouth and pretends to enjoy it when Doc is looking; when not he takes it out and looks sick.)

Doc. And you are Alice's friend?

SMITH. Yes; oh, yes—

Doc. Do you know, you are just the opposite to what I thought you were.

SMITH. Am I? (Aside.) I am beginning to think so

myself.

Bridget enters R, 2 E, with a syphen bottle of seltzer and two long thin glasses.

Doc. That's right, Bridget. Bring them here. (BRIDGET puts seltzer and glasses on table. Doc mixes two highballs. BRIDGET hands one to SMITH. SMITH seizes her L. arm with right hand, puts L. finger to lips, winks at her.)

SMITH. Sh!! There! You didn't get ahead of me that time. Think I know your old signals pretty well. Ha! ha! (SMITH takes glass from BRIDGET and puts it on table; hands her cigar, lighted end first. She burns her hand, throws it on floor, stamps on it. Scowls at SMITH and exits R. 2 E.)

Doc (drinking leisurely). This is cosy. We can drink our brandy and soda together and have a chat about Alice.

SMITH. If you will excuse me. I won't indulge. Doc. Nonsense, old man. It will do you good.

SMITH (helplessly, drinks aside). If I do not humor him

he may become violent.

Doc. Ah, Mr. Gus, you are a lucky fellow to have a girl like Alice fond of you. When did you two meet one another?

SMITH. About ten minutes ago. (Seeing mistake, ex-

citedly.) I mean, only a short time ago.

Doc. Well, I must say you didn't lose any time about it. SMITH. You see I made such an impression that the enemy surrendered at once.

Doc (aside). The conceit of the man. (Aloud.) You

made an impression?

SMITH. Oh, no. I mean that she—Alice—made the sur-

render—I—I mean the impression.

Doc (rises—aside). Oh, Alice! Alice! I thought you had better taste. (Aloud.) You admit that you love Alice?

SMITH (aside). Deeper water. Oh, this is pleasant. If I tell him that I don't care a rap for his Alice, he may grow violent. (Aloud, making a profound bow.) My dear sir, I adore the very ground upon which she walks.

Doc. Have you asked her to marry you?

SMITH. No, sir; not yet. My courage fails me. (Doc excitedly walks up and down stage L. C.)

Doc. But you must! (SMITH walks up and down R. C.)

SMITH. Oh, I must, must I?

Doc (still walking). You have led her to believe that you are fond of her, and yet you do not propose? (Stopping down L. C.)

SMITH (stopping R. C.). But, my dear sir (reaches for

the folder in inside coat pocket), I came down-

Doc. I know that well enough. If you are the honorable man that I take you to be, you will lose no time, but make Alice happy at once.

SMITH. But I am not sure that she loves me.

Doc (angrily). But she does, I assure you. Now, sir, no more nonsense.

SMITH (aside). Dear me. He will have another attack. (Crosses to Doc and puts his hand soothingly on his shoulder, puts finger to lips.) Sh!!

Doc (throwing off hand). No, sir! This is no time for

silence.

SMITH (aside). I will try their signal. (With a melodramatic, mysterious manner shakes a warning finger at Doc, who looks at him astonished. Tiptoes to R. 2 E., turns, looks at Doc, puts finger to lips; tiptoes to bay window C.; looks at Doc; repeats finger to lips business. Then same business at L. 4 E. and L. 2 E., listening intently at each door. Then comes to Doc, scizes his L. arm with R. hand, leads him down C. Puts finger to lips.) Sh!!

Doc (aside). What is the matter with the man? (Aloud.) Silence yourself, sir. (Doc backs Smith to sofa L. C. and pushes him into it.) You must propose to Alice before the sun goes down. If you don't you will find that you "came

down" for business—

SMITH (on sofa L.). If I didn't come down for business, what was it for?

ALICE enters from L. 2 E., laughing.

ALICE (speaks as she enters). Come along, Gus. Doc (pointing to SMITH, disgusted). Gus is there. ALICE. Why, that is not Gus.

Gus enters L. 2 E.

Doc. Not Gus!

ALICE (pointing to Gus). No. This is Gus. My roommate at Vassar. Miss Augusta Von Schiller, commonly called "Gus!"

Gus (laughing). "Mr. Gus." A poor weak specimen of the manly ideal. (Courtesies.)

Doc (pointing to SMITH). Then who is this?

Bridget enters R. 2 E.

ALICE. Your friend, Mr. Mason, isn't it?

Doc. Nothing of the kind. ALICE. Then who is he?

Bridger. The gintlemon the Doctor was expecting, Mr. Smith.

Doc. Ah! Mr. Smith, the aviator! (SMITH jumps to his

feet and crosses to back of table R. C.)

SMITH. Not Mr. Smith, the aviator, but (takes card from pocket and throws it on table) Mr. Smith, the insurance agent, sent down here to show you our schedule of rates (takes folder from pocket and throws it on table), and now I'm going home. (Turns and runs quickly to bay window C. and leaps out head first. Alice and Gus scream and running up to bay window look out, wringing their hands. Doc goes to table, picks up card and folder, looks at them. Falls into chair L. of table R. C. Laughs.)

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SYNOPSIS.

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Act II.—Good news. Ephraim's sad experience. The deed is safe. Ephraim's jealousy. The surprise party. Roy's father in jail. Squire murdered. Roy accused.

Act III.—Ephraim's experience with the miners. Mrs. Brooks displeased. Roy explains. Gilbert's offer. Roy drugged. The robbery. Ephraim takes a hand. The money is safe.

Act IV.—The intended elopement. Sheriff Hunter's hard luck. The bribe. Dick relates a story. The deed is destroyed. Roy's return. The Sheriff's duty. The accusation. The arrest. Retribution. Act I.—The Old Homestead. Ephraim makes a discovery. Mrs.

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Recruiting Office, 15 min 2 Sham Doctor, 10 min 4	2
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Special Sale 15 min	
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Stage Struck Darky, 10 min 2 Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min 1 Time Table, 20 min 1	
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